MONTEREY NEWS

November 2007
VOLUME XXXVII · Number 11

The Town

Roads/Operations

Tyringham Select Board members Al Wilcox and Peter Curtin met with the Monterey Select Board to discuss the possibility of opening Brace Road. (Brace Rd. is located off Beartown Mountain Road, and according to the Tyringham Selectmen is 1.9 miles long with 1.4 of those miles in the Town of Tyringham.) They are interested in opening the road for emergency use. They are asking Monterey to open their side and to maintain it, although they are not planning on plowing the road and would not expect Monterey to plow its end. Maynard Forbes, Director of Operations, estimates that to clear trees, widen the road a bit, and add some gravel would cost, minimally, $25,000. To do this, the Select Board would bring the matter to the taxpayers to see if they felt the need existed and whether they wanted to spend the money. Forbes also reported that at present a four-wheel drive pickup can get through the road if it is not too wet.

The Lake Garfield drawdown began in mid-October at a rate of 3 inches a day, slower than usual; the total drawdown of

Mary Ward, 1911–2007. (Photo taken by Don Amstead, Jr., April 2006.)

6 feet was completed by the end of the month.

The Board reviewed a proposed Salt Shed plan and asked Forbes to send a copy to Representative Pignatelli to see what funds may be available to help the town with the mandated purchase.

Forbes reported that the highway crew is preparing for winter by sandblasting and painting one of the plows and marking the catch basins. Sand and salt have been delivered for the winter.

Forbes also reported that Fairview Road has been graded and the trees have been removed from Rawson Brook at the Tryon property.

Building Inspector

Don Torrico informed the Select Board that Massachusetts Electric will need a special permit to place a tower on Mt. Wilcox. The Zoning Board of Appeals hearing will take place November 15.

Town Business

Town Accountant, Barbara Gauthier, reports that the Department of Revenue has certified $392,829 in Free Cash.

Brian Puntin of the Planning Board informed the Select Board of the resignation of Laurily Epstein from the Planning Board. He was told to advertise the vacancy, then make a recommendation to the Select Board for an appointment.

The Select Board announced the formation of a Broadband Committee. The following have been appointed for a term of one year: Virgil Stucker, Karen Shreefter, Monica Webb, Will Marsh, Cliff Weiss, Michael Storch, and Adam Goodman.

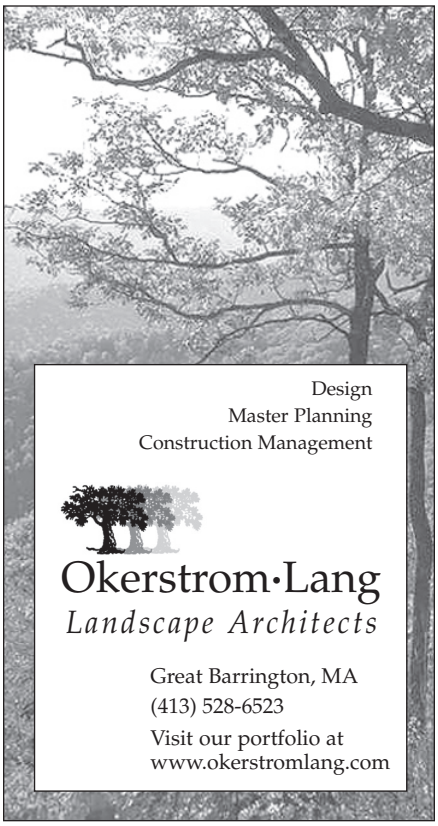
Kenn Basler, new owner of the Monterey General Store, having recently purchased it from Riccardo Boehm, came to discuss entertainment licenses and the transfer of the store's liquor license.

Assessor Stan Ross came for a Classification Hearing with the Select Board. He requested that the town use one tax rate for all the districts in town.

Dan Moriarity came to discuss the Lake Buel project he is working on. The goal of the project is to eventually install a water control device at the mouth of the lake to help provide relief from flooding. He has received $10,000 from the Lake Buel Association and hopes to have both Monterey and New Marlborough provide matching funds. He has asked for $10,000 from the Town of Monterey. He was told that this would probably have to go to Town Meeting for a vote.

The ongoing conflict between the Interdepartmental Secretary and the Town Clerk has resulted in a harassing email and a handwritten note with no signature or return address being sent to the Interdepartmental Secretary. They were turned over to the Police Department and the postal Inspector. Several townspeople have approached the Select Board with offers to assist in finding a resolution. Professional mediation remains an option if the parties can agree on the ground rules. The Interdepartmental Secretary has agreed to mediation. The Town Clerk has agreed to mediation with stipulations.

— Deborah D. Mielke



The *Monterey News* is published monthly under the auspices of Monterey United Church of Christ, Monterey, MA 01245.

School Agreement Amendments under Consideration

The Monterey Select Board will be considering amendments to the Southern Berkshire Regional School District's Regional Agreement during the month of November. Amendments to the Regional Agreement may be made by petition of 20 percent of the voters of any one district town or by 200 voters of the district. Such amendments are presented to the secretary of the School Committee and forwarded to the five towns for a vote at town meeting.

We welcome all public input on this very important subject.

— Monterey Select Board.

Edie Ross

The Coffee Club on a recent excursion to Dream Away Lodge in Becket. (foreground, l–r) Peggy Kahn. George Emmons, Fran Amidon, Dean Amidon.

FLG Thanks Community Businesses & Individuals

This year, our community storekeeper, Kenn Basler, took on the big job of raising the money for Monterey fireworks at LakeFest. This he did, and all who attended LakeFest saw the results in the celebratory finale of light.

To Kenn and the donors—businesses and individuals—who've asked to be anonymous:

YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE—MANY THANKS TO YOU ALL

— FLG Steering Committee

Flu Shot Clinic November 8

A flu shot clinic will be held on Thursday, November 8 from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m in the Monterey Town Hall Meeting Room. The cost is $22.00 (free if you have Medicare or MassHealth).

Attendees must be 18 years of age or older and should wear short sleeves and bring their Medicare or MassHealth card. No appointment is necessary. Pneumonia vaccine will be available to those meeting the criteria.

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Seminar on Conflict of Interest Law Nov. 20

The State Ethics Commission is presenting an educational seminar about the conflict of interest law in Monterey on Tuesday, November 20, at 6:00 p.m. in Town Hall. Everyone is cordially invited.

The seminar is for interested citizens, elected officials, and town employees. Municipal Education Specialist Kristina Patyjewicz will be the spokesperson for the Commission.

Please let Linda Thorpe, 528-2164, know if you will be attending.

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Nov. 14 Community Dinner

The first Monterey Potluck Dinner this season was a resounding success, with about 30 enthusiastic attendees, great food, and an enlightening speaker. We are grateful to Sean Cowhig from the Trustees of Reservations, who presented their mission and gave us an overview of their properties in the Commonwealth and especially in Berkshire County.

For November, we have a much more globally oriented program. The local chapter of the Center for Peace through Culture is cosponsoring Dr. Ruth Bamela Engo-Tjéga, the president of African Action on AIDS. Dr. Engo-Tjéga has served in many capacities at the United Nations, the most recent of which was as Senior Economic Affairs Officer for Africa. She will be speaking to us about her grassroots work in sub-Saharan Africa to support children affected by AIDS. Please see the accompanying article by Laraine Lippe.

All are welcome to come to the second Monterey Community Potluck Dinner to be held Wednesday, November 14, at 6 p.m. in the Fellowship Hall of the Monterey Meetinghouse. Please bring a dish to share with a serving utensil and a plate and silverware for yourself.

— Kyle Pierce

Dr. Ruth Engo to Speak at Community Dinner

As Kathie Frome wrote in her introduction of the Center for Peace Through Culture (CPC) to the community in last month's *Monterey News,* CPC will be sponsoring two speaking engagements on November 14 for Dr. Ruth Engo—one of which will be at the Community Dinner, where she will be presenting slides and talking about her work in rural villages in sub-Saharan Africa where she has been implementing programs in preventive AIDS education, microfinance and poverty reduction. Her energies have also been very much focused on several projects in rural schools that facilitate access to water for hand washing, improve sanitation through the construction of latrines, and foster the behavioral changes necessary to sustain these improvements through the inclusion of frequent lessons on basic hygiene in the schools' curricula. We hope you will be able to join us—we are all in for a treat!

About Dr. Engo and African Action on AIDS

In the past, the connection between poverty reduction and greater world peace was not always made very readily. Happily, this situation was changed last October

when Dr. Mohammed Yunus was awarded the 2006 Nobel Prize for Peace for his untiring efforts to combat poverty through the instrument of microcredit. This award very quickly heightened global awareness and the recognition that economic well-being is indeed an essential component in world peace. When the award was announced, the Nobel Committee said in its citation: "Lasting peace cannot be achieved unless large population groups find ways in which to break out of poverty…. Microcredit is one such means. Development from below also serves to advance democracy and human rights." Also overheard at the Nobel Peace Prize concert held to honor Dr. Yunus were the simple words: *"Whoever is working to eradicate poverty is working for peace."*

The Center for Peace Through Culture is therefore very proud to introduce Dr. Engo, a truly tireless peace worker, so that she may share her valuable work and much

Phil Cooley D/B/A

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wisdom gained from many years of rich experiences in international development work with our community.

I met Dr. Engo nearly seven years ago following the death of a mutual friend, Monique Kaboré, an incredibly dynamic and charismatic woman from Burkina Faso who had dedicated her life to helping others break out of the cycle of poverty. Back in February 2001 I received a call from Dr. Engo, who, after quickly introducing herself, asked me if I would be willing to manage a scholarship fund that would guarantee school attendance for 30 AIDS orphans each year and that would bear the name of our friend to honor her lifelong work. Of course I agreed, and with this, became a volunteer for African Action on AIDS

In addition to possessing many beautiful human qualities (compassion, wisdom, and a wonderful sense of humor are only three among many others I could easily list), Dr. Engo also is a very articulate and passionate advocate for the work she is doing.

After earning her Doctorate in Social Sciences from the University of Paris, Dr. Engo returned to Cameroon, where her career took off in the civil service as Head of the Trade Union Office. Following this, she served as Technical Advisor to the Ministry of Labor, and then as Director of Labor and Head Delegate to the International Labor Conference in Geneva, before moving to the US in the mid-1980s.

During her years in the US, Dr. Engo served in different capacities at the United Nations, the last of which was as Senior Economic Affairs Officer for Africa, bringing her responsibility for issues related to poverty eradication, microfinance, and the fostering of dialogue among development partners, including civil society.

Dr. Engo also cofounded the Advocates for African Food Security in 1986, and was also a founding member and president of the United Nations African Mothers' Association. She was featured on "A Roll Call of Africa's Distinguished Daughters" (1985). She has been a member of the Club of Rome since 1991. Among the honors she has received in recognition of her work are an Honorary Doctorate from Wilson University (Pennsylvania) in 1992, the United Nations Environment Programme's Global Youth Award in 1994, and the Global Civil Society Champion conferred to her by the World Federation of United Nations Associations in 2002.

Dr. Engo has served as Chief Executive of African Action on AIDS (AAA) since its founding in 1991. Following her retirement from the United Nations in 2005, she returned to live in her native Cameroon in order to dedicate herself fulltime to the work of AAA.

AAA was created to support children affected by AIDS in sub-Saharan Africa. Its mission statement clearly states: We Believe That No One Is Alone. We succeed when the youth we serve become agents of their own change and use their knowledge to change their communities.

Since its inception, more than 2000 orphans have successfully completed at least six years of school under its sponsorship and 50 have graduated from university

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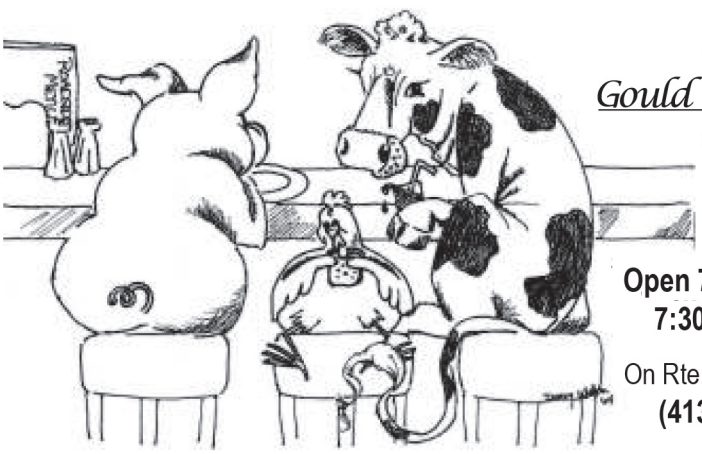

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or vocational schools. At the present time, more than 1000 orphans or distressed children in Burkina Faso, Cameroon, Ethiopia, Sierra Leone, Senegal, Mali, and Gabon are able to attend school full time, or have a school lunch every day, or get AIDS education through work camps thanks to AAA. It is obvious that African Action on AIDS has surpassed by far its initial goal of sponsoring the education of 200 children by year 2000!

At the present time, AAA oversees projects in local communities known as Centers of Excellence in the seven countries mentioned above. The goal of these projects is to improve the lives of orphans and distressed children through critical activities in the areas of education, health, and nutrition. Applied knowledge includes AIDS education, counseling, testing, and commitment at the individual level to stay AIDS free.

Strengthening local communities is the other important goal. Local communities are indeed the foundation of all sustained activities benefiting orphans. AAA therefore ensures that basic needs of these communities are met using entry-level micro-credit as an instrument that builds health before building wealth. Community networks are also encouraged and strengthened as important mobilization tools. They facilitate the sharing of experiences and help disseminate success stories, slowly building local confidence. By helping them generate their own solutions instead of seeking outside assistance, they are led to discover, in the process, that they have resources to take care of their orphans and distressed children.

This will actually be my own first Community Dinner, and I am looking forward, not only to Dr. Engo's presentation, but also to the chance to meet many of you for the first time. I am relatively new to the community (October 2004), but, alas, I am still only a part-time resident for now. I am one of those sad faces you see boarding the 5:25 p.m. Peter Pan bus in Great Barrington for New York City on Sundays so that I can get to work on Monday morning. I cannot wait until the day when I will be able to live in Monterey full time, with only occasional visits south to New York City.

We hope to see you at the Community Dinner!

— Laraine Lippe

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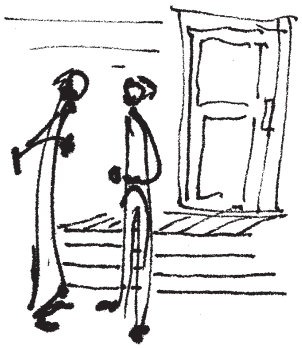
Bidwell House Hosts Early Winter Fundraiser

"It will be spectacular," said Kathryn Roberts, President of the Board of Trustees of the Bidwell House in reference to the special Early Winter Party planned at the museum from 4:00 to 7:00 p.m. on Saturday, December 1. For the fundraising event, the Garden Angels, of Pumpkin Fest fame, will be decorating the museum in the style of an old-fashioned farm Christmas holiday with greens and berries on the three fireplaces which grace the colonial saltbox.

Museum director Martha Dailey said, "We haven't had the house open to our members and guests in this way for years. We want everyone to feel welcome to the cocktail party and delicious hors d'oeuvres that are prepared by board members. It's an Early Winter Celebration which will be a peaceful introduction to the Spirit of the Season." One of Monterey's oldest houses, the Georgian colonial was built in 1750, and the event promises to evoke a New England Christmas from the late nineteenth-century days when the house was called The Old Manse.

Roberts has promised some very special items will be available for a silent auction. One of the items is a wreath created by Bridget Brown of Berkshire Flower Company. A wreath of natural magnolia leaves in barn red and apple green, the creation is called "Magnolia Wreath for the Minister's Wife." It will grace the front door which guests will enter after being guided on a candlelit pathway to the parsonage. Tickets are $35.00 per person, payable at the door, or make a reservation by calling 413-528-6888.



Stephen Rose had his camera ready when a great blue heron landed on a dock at Lake Buel.

Camper Wins Kayak

The winning ticket in the raffle for the beautiful blue kayak was sold at LakeFest this year. The raffle benefits LAPA West, the organization that sends us the lake steward.

The winner is Harry Bliwise. Harry was a long time camper at Camp Jayson on Lake Garfield. He and his sister were both campers many years ago, and he came to LakeFest for nostalgia. Congratulations, Lucky Harry!

— Pat Edelstein,
Friends of Lake Garfield

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Charles Ferris Speaks on Setting up Business

Attorney Charles Ferris spoke on legal aspects of organizing a new business at a recent meeting of the Southern Berkshire chapter of Business Network International in Great Barrington.

"The topic is important to me," Ferris said. "Accurate information can go a long way toward preventing an avoidable disaster."

A resident of Monterey, Ferris maintains his office at 500 Main Street, Great Barrington. He has been practicing law in the Berkshires for 14 years.

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Thanksgiving Basket Donations

The Monterey Town Hall will once again be accepting donations to fill Thanksgiving baskets for families that qualify. The baskets are put together by the Berkshire Community Action Council located on Castle Street in Great Barrington.

The Town Hall will be accepting the following items:

- Stuffing ingredients
- Canned cranberry sauce
- Canned or box soup
- Canned vegetables
- Canned gravy or gravy packets
- Potatoes
- Gift Certificates to Price Chopper or Big Y for items such as turkeys, chickens, butter, desserts, fruit (perishable items).

Donations can be made Monday–Friday 8:30 a.m.–4:00 p.m. or on Saturdays from 9:30 a.m.–12:30 p.m.

A box will be located outside the Inter-Departmental Secretary's Office. All donations need to be in the Town Hall no later than Thursday, November 15. Please do not hesitate to call Melissa Noe, Inter-Departmental Secretary at 528-1443 x111 with any questions.

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Vikki True Walks in Beauty

Mary Kate Jordan of Monterey has presented her company's 2007 I Walk in Beauty Award to former Monterey resident Vikki True. Jordan surprised the jazz singer and community activist with the recognition in a ceremony in Great Barrington at the end of September.

"Sedna's Circle International makes two awards each year. I Walk in Beauty is only given to a person who's committed to living in ways that make the world a more beautiful place," Jordan said. "This is a recognition not only of Vikki's shining soul and immense talent as a singer and voice teacher, but also her commitment to fostering both local and global community."

"The award was named with a nod to the Navajo Blessingway ceremony," Jordan continued. "That's a powerful healing ritual in which the individual who is the focus of the event is reaffirmed as a soul walking a road of beauty, and walking that road in wholeness. An important part of the ritual is that the person is celebrated as a valuable member of the community. In the native tradition, the ceremony is used when an individual has experienced "soul loss" due to trauma, illness, injury, or other loss, but this award is given to individuals whose gifts of soul-full-ness are acts of healing in themselves."

Park Commission News

The Park Commission has applied for a matching grant through Massachusetts Technolgy Collaborative's Renewable Energy Trust's Clean Energy Choice for $8528.00 for two Big Belly solar trash compactors. One will be at the town beach and one will be at Greene Park.

These units will eliminate the mess made by animals and will cut down on the carbon footprint involved in trash pick up.

Planning Board Vacancy

The Planning Board has had a recent resignation and it and the Select Board are asking anyone interested in being appointed to fill the vacancy to email or call Brian Puntin at bpuntin@bcn.net or 528-3003.

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Sunday, 8:00–1:00 pm

How Green Is My Valley?

The Committee which produced our latest Monterey Day has committed itself to following up on the ideas represented in the parade and at the pavilion by asking individuals who consider themselves Green to list their personal efforts in a monthly column. I got picked to be first. Me and my big mouth.

The longer my list became, the more aware I became of *CONTRADICTIONS*.

For what it's worth, here's what I do, complete with *contradictions*.

Transportation

Drive a Honda Civic Hybrid, which averages 45 mpg.

Contradictions: Own a gas guzzling, one-ton truck used to haul horses, collect firewood, do big dump runs. Own a tractor, which uses diesel fuel and performs landscaping work, heavy moving, and snowplowing.

Household

Replaced a 30-year-old furnace with the most energy efficient oil burner available in the Berkshires, relying on advice from CET. Use Bio Heating Oil. Primary heat source is a woodstove, using wood cut off my property.

Contradictions: Use a gas-driven chainsaw; haul wood in the truck, which gets 10 mpg.

Own an Energy Star washing machine and a clothesline for drying clothes. In rain or snow, I dry clothes inside, near the woodstove and over my gas cook stove, which has an oven pilot light. Top burner pilot light has been turned off and burners are lit with matches.

Heat hot water with a Tankless Hot Water Heater, which produces hot water on demand and does not require a heated storage tank. Use propane gas for cooking and hot water.

Don't own a dishwasher. When I wash dishes, I fill a small container with soapy water, wash everything and stack it around the sink, and rinse everything at once, after everything is soapy.

When I run water, waiting for the Tankless to make it hot, I fill half gallon containers, which I keep to water plants or fill dog water bowls. It requires one half gallon container for Tankless to heat water.

When I brush my teeth, I turn off the water in between wetting the brush and rinsing my mouth. As an experiment, I left the water on between wetting the brush and rinsing my mouth. It required 3 quarts of water, plus whatever electricity is required to run the water pump to perform that operation.

Installed two composting toilets, one in my house and one in an outbuilding, provided for helpers who live on the property. These save water and electricity, used to flush toilets. *Contradictions:* Toilets run with an exhaust fan and an optional heater to speed up compost process. I opt not to use the heater and turn the exhaust fan off for part of each day.

Raise vegetables in an organic garden and freeze for winter use. Feed horses and sheep apples from orchard and wild trees.

Contradictions: Fridge is energy efficient. Freezers are not. Plus, it takes many gallons of cold water to cool veggies blanched for freezing.

Buy organic apples and carrots from Califonia in winter to stretch the horses' grain ration.

Store carrots, beets and potatoes in a root cellar, built in a corner of my basement.

A flock of sheep not only provides me with organic meat, but, along with two horses, keeps the grounds mowed (and fertilized!).

Contradictions: Use a gas-powered lawn mower and a weed eater to pick up the slack. Feed the sheep organic grain from a New York state farm, operated with mechanized equipment. Pasture sheep (fenced with Electronet fence) in summer, feed local hay and NYS grain in winter. Horses are on pasture in summer, but, because they are each 20 years old, they are fed Senior grain from Agway (not local, not organic, no way green), plus hay from a local farmer in winter.

Small flock of chickens forages in woods and yard and gets a ration of organic grain daily. They provide eggs and, when they are too old to lay, meat.

Siphon water from Beaver Pond above my garden in summer to water plants in the greenhouse through drip irrigation hoses. That provides not only water for the plants, but also nutrients from an active wetland.

Compost all kitchen and garden waste and return it to the garden for fertilizer. Also use manure and bedding from horses, sheep, and chickens to supplement the garden soil. Spread manure and bedding on 4-acre horse pasture, as well.

Contradiction: Manure is dispensed by a spreader designed to be drawn by horses. My second to last draft horse died last year. The spreader is pulled by truck or tractor. >

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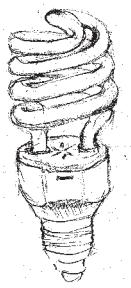
Recycle plastic, paper, and metal at Monterey Transfer Station, sparing the landfill load anything other than non-recyclable waste products. Recycle computer printer cartridges through mail or commercial source.

Buy recycled paper products, including computer paper, paper towels, and toilet paper, not bleached with chlorine bleach.

Buy organic cotton clothing, bedding and towels, and outerwear, made from recycled plastics (i.e. Patagonia), or shop local thrift stores.

Light all the buildings on my property with compact fluorescent light bulbs.



Use environmentally benign cleaning products or make my own (i.e., vinegar and water to wash windows).

Use Low-VOC, No Voc paints and finishes to renovate rooms and floors.

Contradiction: Just purchased oil-based primer to seal storm windows before re-caulking.

Community

Volunteer in community building, peace advocating, and local agricultural promotion enterprises, such as Monterey Days, the post 9-11 Community Conversations in Great Barrington, Berkshire Grown's Annual Fundraiser, Sonsini Animal Shelter in Pittsfield.

Just starting to think about Greening Events, which contain their own contradictions in terms of products used for serving food, creating displays, trash disposal, recycling, and energy use.

Buy from local, family-owned businesses, whenever possible. Bank at Pittsfield Coop Bank, which invests the money I keep there in local enterprises and housing loans. Use Berkshares dollars to support local businesses.

Avoid "Big Box Stores," whenever possible. These include Kmart, Staples, Walmart, and others.

Workplace

Urge workplace to adopt earth-friendly practices, such as recycling, local/organic food buying, energy saving policies, such as recycled office paper at the very LEAST.

Planet

Inform myself about corporate practices. Avoid buying products from businesses which exploit third world countries, which are known polluters, support defense industries, or otherwise threaten the integrity of the Planet with their practices.

Buy products from businesses, which practice Fair Trade, eschew sweatshop labor, treat employees fairly, and adopt a Planet Friendly World View.

Invest in socially responsible stocks, mutual funds, and money market funds. A component of my portfolio includes community investing. Refuse to participate in workplace 401K plans whose portfolio contains stock from companies I don't wish to support.

Recreation

Do annual Service Vacations with Earthwatch, which engages volunteers in global experiences involving research on issues addressing environmental concerns.

Contradictions: Travel by airplane to service destinations. Earthwatch, with whom I have traveled for the last two years, has instituted a program by which volunteers can offset carbon input. I'll access that, even though it's a copout, compared to staying clean and green personally.

Charities

Give to environmental groups, such as Environmental Defense Council and Natural Resources Defense Council, community groups such as CET, CHP, United Fund, Monterey Land Trust, as well as animal protection groups that work on behalf of endangered species and biodiversity.

Enough from me. I want this exposition to encourage you *Monterey News* readers to send in your Green Practices, to recommend resources for readers to access, and to give an exposition of your own to inspire us all. Send to me at pearson522@verizon.net, or Ellen Pearson, P.O. Box 264, Monterey, 10245, and I'll pass it along to Will Marsh, Editor of the *Monterey News*.

— Ellen Pearson

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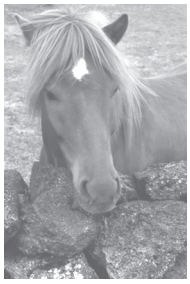

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Dual Homeowners Corner
If The Walls Could Talk …

It was in the second or third summer of our rental of the little red cottage on Lake Garfield that John O'Connor, the owner of the property and our neighbor next door, told my wife, Laura, and me about the writing on the wall. When we first rented it in 1991, John said the house was almost a hundred years old and was the first one built on the lake. The wee twinkle in his Irish eyes as he repeated the lore which had President Garfield spending a night there on a fishing trip, thereby giving the lake its name, suggested that neither he nor we should take this story as gospel.

We loved the cottage, happily sharing it with friends and family for thirteen years when, in 2004, we were lucky enough to buy it from AnneMarie O'Connor, a few years after John's passing. Parts of the cottage obviously had been renovated. The pine flooring downstairs and kitchen cabinetry and fixtures were of fairly recent vintage, but the upstairs bedrooms and the living room walls looked mighty old to us. A floor-to-ceiling, weight-bearing post smack in the middle of the living room made after-dinner conversation an exercise in leaning and neck craning.

But the charm of the place won us over from day one, and its location was gorgeous. As renters, it was not for us to redo anything, nor was there much we'd have chosen to do had it been ours. Not early on, at least. Who's to say at what point "quaint and charming" become old and decrepit? It was clear the first year of our rental that the description of the cottage as three-season was a stretch. You wouldn't want to be there in April. By mid-September you were bundled up indoors and on sunny days, hurried outside to warm up. A gas stove in the living room was the only heat source and warmed that room only, and the insulation was minimal. The house was a sieve.

So warm air escaped, and cold air and critters came in pretty much unimpeded. Mice, chipmunks, and the occasional flying squirrel fought over squatters' rights. Then bats set up house in the space between our bedroom and bathroom walls. Worse, our headboard was right on that wall. Poor Laura, a lighter sleeper than I, would awaken in the middle of the night to their squeaking and fluttering, their territorial disputes, and, who knows, maybe the sounds of bat sex. We did enjoy a one-year respite from bat trauma thanks to a suggestion tentatively offered by neighbor Bob Gauthier. It seemed equal parts fool's errand, old wife's tale, and Rube Goldberg. But for one glorious, quiet year it worked. (Look for "Dracula and the Panty Hose" in an upcoming *Monterey News*.)

Alas, we and the cottage had aged together, we more gracefully than it. It became clear that major repairs were needed, and even if done perfectly, we'd still have a very old house. Tolerable inconveniences at age 60 become intolerable at 70. We decided that our old adorable red cottage had to come down. We would rebuild.

While rationally the decision was a no-brainer, it was one we came to with deeply mixed emotion. For Laura and me, for our family whose presence enlivened it and our granddaughters who cried when they learned we were taking her down, for our friends whom she embraced as we danced, drank, and laughed together, the red cottage seemed a living force. They wanted us to save something of her, something that could find a place in the new house. Some suggested removing the post from the living room. None volunteered to do it. (I guess they were kidding.) Others favored stones from the old fireplace. And then …

Of course! "If walls could talk …" Almost illegible, faintly penciled on the pine boards John had showed us, were names and numbers. Like prehistoric humans in caves, people who had used the cottage as a fishing lodge had succumbed to the human urge to leave their mark. Some things are worth saving. With care, I removed and cleaned two of the boards. These few words, script written in a graceful, flowing hand, captured my imagination:

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Bain
Mr. and Mrs. F.E. Singleton
September 19-27, 1904
9/20 51 Fish all told
44 rock bass
7 pickerel (one 2 ½ lbs.)
9/21 7 Fish all told
2 pickerel
5 rock bass
Wind blowing a gale all day
9/22 Still blowing up a gale
3 sm. Pickerel

The account continues through 9/27, adding black bass and seeds (suds?) to their catch. Then, a last mysterious entry: "We leave the camp today because we cannot … take it with us." The Bain and Singleton parties returned, 8/5–20, 1905. On the second board, the following:

Aug. 24-Sept. 4, 1905 >

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Deacon
Richards
Gregory

Miss Simmons visits from Aug.9–14; Mr. and Mrs. Knight on Aug. 20. Then :

Caught by Malony & Co.,
A. Malony, Pres.
W.B. Snenon, Treas.
A.C. Dewey, Secy.
Office located in Winsted, Conn.

I conjure images of the good times these folks had there. What catching pickerel in a gale might have been like? Who knows if they even stayed in the red cottage? Perhaps the boards were salvaged from another dwelling they used. Whatever the reality, I like to think of all those people and their stories as part of the red cottage, no less than the boards themselves. So it turns out that some walls can talk and will live to tell their stories again.

— Bob Cutick

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Conversation Highlights and Moderates Exciting October

October is an exciting time of year for everyone, and nowhere is this more evident than in Berkshire County. Local businesses reap the benefits of another fall foliage season. Children get excited about Halloween. Skiers look forward to a winter on the slopes. Most of all, the multitudes of baseball fans hang on the excitement of every pitch of the postseason.

For the hundreds of fans clustered throughout the county, October is especially notable. However memorable the 2007 regular season was, with Barry Bonds capturing a disputed home run crown and the Red Sox garnering the American League East championship, it was dramatically eclipsed by a fabulous postseason that elevated our national pastime to new heights.

The playoffs started with a bang, as the Colorado Rockies continued their stretch of spirited play with a 9-8 extra-inning comeback win that qualified them for the National League Divisional Series as a Wild Card. New England's beloved Red Sox crushed the Angels in the first round as the Cleveland Indians befuddled the mighty Yankees, delivering the fatal blow that felled the once grandiose empire of New York. In the midst of the excitement, as legends were made and rivalries were fueled, Bob Costas and Fay Vincent provided a welcome calm in the eye of the hurricane.

On October 25th, with the AL Championship Series well underway, sports lovers (myself included) flocked to Williams College to relax and listen to "A Conversation About Sports." Both speakers are known throughout the world of baseball. Bob Costas is a renowned sportscaster who has covered multiple World Series and written a book titled *Fair Ball: A Fan's Case for Baseball*. Vincent was Commissioner of Major League Baseball from 1989–92 and is a Williams alumnus. Held at Chapin Hall, the event was moderated by professor Will Dudley, who teaches a class on the psychological importance of sports to our society as a whole. Unsurprisingly, the event started with this topic and continued with it for a sizeable chunk of the allotted time. A friendly debate continued at a calm pace throughout the talk, often fading into anecdotes and even a joke or two.

Following the discussion concerning the vital nature of sports, the theme shifted to the dire problems that taint these sports, especially baseball. The discussion included talk of gambling in baseball (especially by Pete Rose), cocaine use in baseball, and steroid use in baseball (especially by Mark McGwire). The one point in the talk where the duo differed was on the topic of Pete Rose. Costas argued that Rose was sufficiently punished and could, with caution, be granted readmission into Major League

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Baseball. Vincent thought that would send a negative message to star players about gambling and about whining.

The trio predictably rounded out their conversation with a hefty helping of Red Sox lore and discussion. Both participants shared their comical stories concerning the 1986 World Series and other important happenings for the Red Sox over the years. The Cleveland Indians were poised to eliminate the Red Sox that night. Dudley read live scoring updates periodically to appease anxious Red Sox fans. When the Red Sox took the lead 1-0, a great roar rose up that encompassed all areas of the extensive crowd, even permeating the dark night outside. Reactions were mixed when the Indians later tied the game. Some booed. Others sighed. A small yet loyal faction of Indians fans delivered a spirited smattering of applause.

Upon the conclusion of this wonderful evening, many a baseball fanatic went home happy. Some watched their televisions and others listened attentively to the radio as the home team broke open their game against a team many prefer to call "The Tribe." Two nights later, the series went back to the friendly confines of Fenway Park. There, the much-loved Sox dominated a two-game set and delivered to the rejoicing fans the club's second pennant in four years.

The rest, as some are wont to say, is history. The Boston sensations kept rolling and swept the Rockies into the dustpan at Coors Field. Then came the long plane trip home and the landing in a deliriously happy Massachusetts, for ample parades, fanfare and even an Irish jig, courtesy of Jonathan Papelbon.

Baseball enthusiasts all over the nation fostered great expectations as October opened, and much was fulfilled over the course of the month. A great postseason is just what baseball needs to revive and compete with football and NASCAR. Berkshire County is a fabulous place to be a fan, and that is evident in the stimulating events available here lately, such as this engaging talk. Let all fans rally around the excitement of baseball in Octobers to come. The game depends upon it.

— Jonah Carlson

ॐ

Edie Ross

Jules and Barbara Dahlman at the Dream Away Lodge with the Coffee Club.

Library Recent Acquisitions:

DVDs

28 Weeks Later
Evan Almighty
Mr. Brooks
The War (Ken Burns)
You Kill Me
The King and I (50th anniversary edition)
L'iceberg
Meet the Robinsons

Adult Fiction

Playing for Pizza, John Grisham
Killers Kiss, William Lashner
Sweet Revenge, Diane Davidson
Wheel of Darkness, Douglas Preston
Bad Girl, Mario Vargas Llosa
Choice, Nicholas Sparks
Indian Clerk, David Leavitt
Pontoon, Garrison Keillor
Italian Lover, Robert Hellenga
Tell Tale Horse, Rita Mae Brown

Adult Nonfiction

Hog Pilots, Blue Water Grunts, Robert Kaplan
Mother Theresa Come Be My Light, Brian Kolodiejchuk
Dave Barry's History of the Millennium, Dave Barry
Far Traveller, Nancy Brown
World without Us, Alan Weisman
Age of Turbulence, Alan Greenspan
Bible: a Biography, Karen Armstrong
Letters to a Young Teacher, Jonathan Kozol
If I Did It, the Goldman family

Children's

Snow Bears, Jan Brett
Dragon's Egg, Sarah Thomson
Igraine the Brave, Cornelia Funke
Fancy Nancy, Jane O'Connor
Mysterious Edge of the Herioc World, E.L. Konigsburg
Secret World of Hildegard, Jonah Winter
Spiders, Nic Bishop
Ten Ways to Make My Sister Disappear, Norma Fox Mazer
Wilderness, Roddy Doyle
Entertainer and the Dybbuk, Sid Fleischman
Encyclopedia Brown Cracks the Case, Donald Sobol

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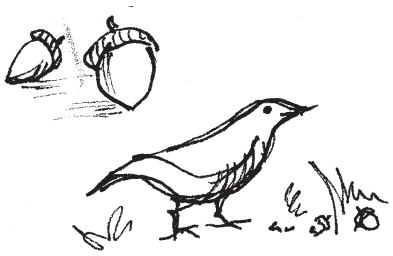

From the Meetinghouse . . .
Mary Ward, Our Friend and Neighbor

Mary Black Ward died on Monday, October 15, at 8:30 in the morning. She was at home after spending three months in a nursing home in Great Barrington. Sally and Steve Pullen, her daughter and son-in-law, were with her, and she was in hospice care. What follows is the eulogy I delivered at her memorial service on Saturday, October 20. She was a long-time member of the church, and we will miss her very much.

On a slip of paper that Mary left behind for us to find, she wrote a list, apparently of memories from her long lifetime. At the top is this: "Telephones—long and short rings—everybody could listen." Succinct as always, Mary of course was remembering the party telephone lines people used to have. Many of you will remember this, too: neighboring households would all share a phone line, each with a distinct ring that would indicate which household should answer the call. Of course, nothing stopped anyone else form picking up too, so there likely weren't too many secrets among neighbors, or at least people knew not to tell their secrets over the telephone.

The next thing on the list is this: "Call Shirley—birthday." It's crossed out, probably because she remembered to call Shirley, and because this was to be a list of memories not a list of reminders. But it should surprise no one who knew Mary that in the midst of meditating on her life, she thought of someone else, her close friend whose birthday it was. For this was Mary: reflective on her life, but moreover thoughtful of others' lives.

The third thing she wrote, now back on task, was this: "Crawling in the hen-house," likely recalling her childhood on the farm in Williamsburg. And the fourth, this also crossed out: "Make cake and fat for soap," as once again her remembering spurred some reminding.

I admired this about Mary: that she was a thinker and a doer. Always with a stack of books and magazines on the table beside her easy chair, she read widely, and she could discuss widely, though she would never hesitate to admit, "I don't know about that." But, she could just as often be found raking leaves or washing dishes or contributing to the growing at Greenhaven Farm or even clearing the walk of snow. She was always at work on something significant, yet never busy in a disquieting way. And certainly, this characterized her life of faith. One of the tensions inherent in the Christian life is whether we are called to *be* or to *do*. Practice or piety? Work or prayer? Which is more crucial in realizing God's reign in our midst? Mary seemed never to let one fall away in preference of the other, and, as the pastor of her church, I will miss her devotion to both.

Given this rare balance she managed to strike, the slip of paper she chose for making her list says nearly as much about her as anything on it. It seems to be from a pad of paper that was a "free gift" with her subscription to *Mother Jones Magazine*. In big, red letters, at the top it reads "Hell Raiser," which is the slogan for the magazine, a reference to its namesake, Mary Harris "Mother" Jones. This Mary lived around the turn of the twentieth century, was an orator and union organizer, and is remembered to have said, "Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living." Our Mary wasn't quite so irascible as this, but her politics were as progressive as her lifestyle was traditional, another balance that I find lovely.

And so her list continues, writing as she did in this sweet spot of things long past yet in hope of what might be, of images as evocative and obscured as an impressionist painting,: "My dream about the attic; the day my father came with the sled in the bad storm; outhouse; May baskets; storing vegetables in the cellar—sprouting potatoes in spring—planting and picking up potatoes; riding horse to cultivate; riding on hay load—raking hay; picking up apples and picking them; flies in the house; first time I drove horse to town alone; churn, separator; Memorial Day …"

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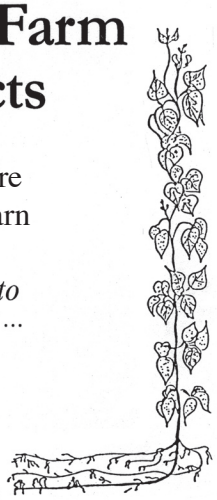

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Many of you will know better than I what each of these meant to Mary. But for those of us who, like me, only knew her as an old woman, they call us to know that once she was a young woman, and before that a child, and that it is the fullness of such a human being that we all lost in Mary's death. It's a comfort to know that Mary was an old woman when she died, that she was tired, that she was at home, that she was with people who loved her and who told her so often in her last few days, that she was in no pain and didn't suffer, that she wasn't afraid, indeed, that she was ready; and it's poignant to remember that she was once someone who was so full of life, that she lived through a century of unprecedented change and terrible tumult and abundant blessing, and that amidst all of this she was steadfastly herself—a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, a co-pastor really of several small churches, a grandmother, a great-grandmother, and a witness to God's steadfast presence with us and ongoing revelation to us, something I realized every week as at the end of our worship service on Sunday after Sunday, we would go around the circle to introduce ourselves to one another, and she would, often with some effort, especially in recent months, clear her throat to speak once again, "I'm Mary Ward."

I will miss this—her clarity even amidst struggle. But what I will miss most of all is the way she passed the peace. Each Sunday, in worship, each member greets every other face to face while shaking hands and making some show of God's peace. This was something Mary was gifted at. When her eyes met yours, she took you in, with full acceptance, with love. This has become something of a hobby-horse for me—how so often our encounters with one another are superficial. They have us filtering out certain aspects of one another that we find unacceptable or downright strange. We fear one another and need to be in control of how we interact with one another. But, Mary seemed to live by a different set of assumptions—not that we are right to fear, but that we are called to faith. It seems to me the only way to live with such acceptance and love for one another is to live in faith of the One who made us all and loves us all.

This is the One with whom Mary now lives on, seeing though once as through a mirror dimly, yet now face to face. These eyes that once took each of us in as if fully known and yet fully loved, now take in the God who created and sustained her in life, and now redeems and reconciles her to God in death. And as she once was a tie for each of us to our collective past, she is now a tie for each of us to what awaits us all: our origin and our end, the Living God who is love manifest and everlasting.

— Elizabeth Goodman

Remembering Mary Ward

Mrs. Mary Egesta Black Ward, 96, of Main Road in Monterey, died Monday morning, October 15, 2007, at her home.

Born on August 16, 1911, in Williamsburg, Massachusetts, she was the daughter of John Milton Black and Alta Bates Black. Growing up on a small subsistence dairy farm shaped her lifelong love of nature and gardening. Mary attended local schools and in 1932 she graduated from Massachusetts Agricultural College, now UMASS Amherst, with a degree in Chemistry and earned a Masters Degree in Psychology from Hartford Seminary in 1937. She also earned a Degree in Education from the former Western Connecticut State College.

Mary taught primary grades in Connecticut schools for twenty years. She was active in many service organizations such as the League of Women Voters. Her life of service was guided by her belief in world peace and economic and social justice for all. >

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In 1933 she married Rev. Willard Raymond Ward and together they shared a life of community service. They managed Gould Farm in Monterey during the war years of 1942–1947.

Together they served United Church of Christ parishes in Princeton, Maine; Conway, Massachusetts; Monterey, Massachusetts; Monroe, Connecticut and Mansfield Center, Connecticut. Upon their retirement in 1976, they moved back to Monterey.

Mary is survived by her three daughters, Leslie Paine and her husband, Curtis, of Sutton, Massachusetts; Sally Pullen and her husband, Steven, of Monterey; and Louise Henry and her husband, George of Williamsburg, Massachusetts. She also leaves her sister Ruth Black Koczela of Williamsburg, Massachusetts, along with four grandchildren, four step-grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

She was predeceased by her husband, Rev. Willard Raymond Ward, who died on February 27, 2001, and by her brother Lewis H. Black and her sister Juvenelia "Juvy" Black Harding.

A memorial service celebrating the life of the late Mary Ward was held on Saturday, October 20, 2007, at the Monterey United Church of Christ. Contributions in her memory may be made to the Monterey United Church of Christ or to Gould Farm through Finnerty and Stevens Funeral Home, 426 Main Street, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

Remembrances, memories and reflections may be sent to the family through www.finnertyandstevens.com.

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Tree Passion and Carbon Guilt

Last week I was talking to a passionate six-year old in Nova Scotia who told me that we need to do all we can to save the trees, to keep the air clean so trees don't die, because trees help us and all the other animals to live. I smiled and agreed with her and thought about the hundreds of miles I'd just driven to have this conversation. I often remember an image I got from some columnist about the tons of carbon we spit out our tailpipes and how effective it might be if this were to pile up along the roadside in charcoal briquettes. If, as we idled at intersections, there were the "plop, plop, plop" of little black bricks hitting the pavement. It's almost enough to make a body stay home.

But not quite. We are still hooked on the open road, the flyways, our love of travel. Fortunately for some, there is absolution available for a price. You can tot up your briquettes and pay the US Forest Service to plant just the right number of trees to offset your carbon debts. They will even do the math for you if you go to their website to answer about four easy questions pertaining to your car miles (they don't even ask about air travel), electric bill, and so on. I went there just now and found that for only $11.40 I could become carbon neutral, maybe get one of those bumper stickers like the one on the Hummer, and do no harm to trees. If I keep driving to Nova Scotia, I might have to up my contribution a bit, but absolution can still be had for mere money.

What about these carbon-trading schemes? Spend a little time in front of your briquette-producing computer and you will find there are many Carbon Footprint Calculators. I went to the one from An Inconvenient Truth and got an even smaller footprint. They don't ask about air miles either. It turns out that you can offset a ton of carbon for as little as $5 or as much as $50, depending upon on where you buy in.

The disturbing part, to me, is that it can be done at all. I don't see how sending my check to the Carbon Trader will put those briquettes back in the box.

I recently read an account of some "creative financing" on the part of the Conservation Fund in California. They've bought up a lot of forest land to preserve it, but they had to take out a loan. To pay off the loan they are doing a little selective logging, cutting some trees and selling them. They are also leaving some trees which they *could* have cut and receiving carbon credits for this. They will sell these credits to Pacific Gas and Electric, which has a big debt going due to their carbon-spewing coal-fired electric

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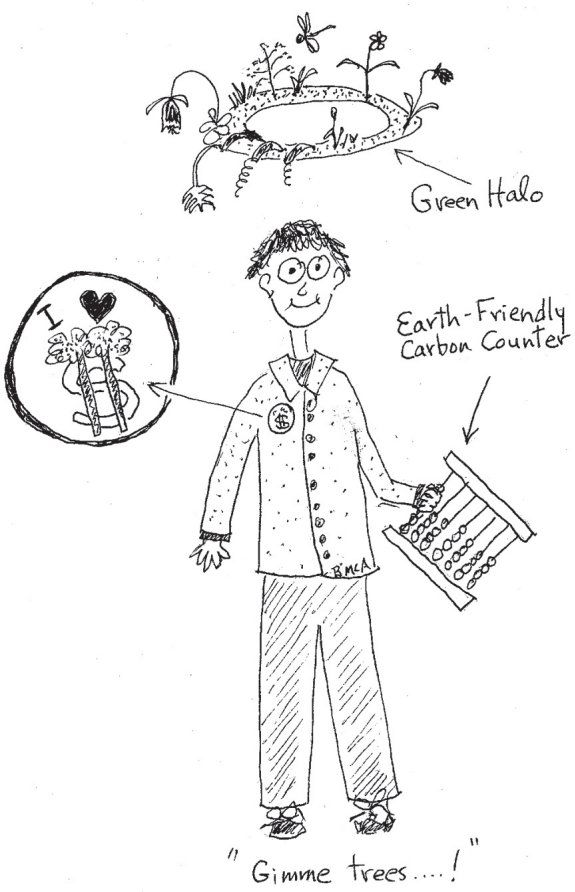
plants. Everyone will be happy and the Conservation Fund will collect money for all its trees, the ones cut and the ones not cut. PG and E customers will see a little rate increase, but they are used to that.

I have been looking at the trees around my house with new interest. All of a sudden I am seeing them as big moneymakers for me and I don't have to lift a finger. I knew there was a way! I'll figure up my credits and sell them to Exxon Mobil or General Motors or someplace. I may even plant a few new trees, or at least refrain from yanking up the little babies when they sprout on their own. I wonder if I can collect for other kinds of plants, like tomatoes or witch-grass. Of course, the trick is, you have to keep them alive. No fair collecting for trees that have blown over or tomatoes after the frost. Now we will have to keep track of all the credit-worthy trees, because once they fall over and start to decompose, they release their carbon just like anything else that dies and decays. There is a British eco-philanthropy company called Cool Earth which will sell you the protection of an acre of Brazilian rain forest for $140. They've already bought the place and now you can get green by buying its protection. So far they have sold 27,034 acres of the 400,000 they've purchased.



They haven't actually sold the land, of course, just the protection. Wonder what will happen to the rest of it? The chainsaw? The match? As for the acre you get for $160, Cool Earth is working to put microchips into the trees so you can keep track of them.

What is wrong with this picture is that it is a distraction, a phony absolution available to those with money. I read an article recently in which the author recounted seeing a Hummer with a bumper sticker that read: "My car is carbon neutral, how about yours?" (Katherine Ellison, "Shopping for Carbon Credits," Salon.com, July 2, 2007). Obviously there is no such thing as a carbon-neutral car, so presumably the owner had sent a check to a trading scheme to feel green and balanced despite the sound of plopping briquettes.

George Monbiot wrote in *The Guardian* (London, October 18, 2006) about priests in the Netherlands giving absolution to people in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. For a fee you could be relieved of sins such as poisoning, incest, perjury. Of course there was no way to bring back to life the folks you had murdered, but at least you could still go to heaven.

Monbiot likens the buying and selling of carbon offsets to moving food around on a plate "to give the impression that you have eaten it," and another British critic, botanist Oliver Rackam, says that telling people they can plant trees to combat global warming is like "telling them to drink more water to keep down rising sea levels" (*The High Country News*, Oct. 15, 2007).

Now, of course, we have those disagreeing scientists telling us that in fact some trees are worse than none at all on the carbon balance and that if you model the whole story on a computer so you remove all the trees in the world, the planet will cool a bit. This is because most trees are dark and they absorb heat. Also, when they finally die, as we all must, the carbon they have soaked up or held trapped leaks out with that awful plopping sound.

In the end, I know I'll need to find my own way with this. Conscious of my corpus as a precious carbon-storage unit, I am going to live as long as I can and cut back on personal exhalations. I'm not sure how I'll get back to Nova Scotia to continue the passion with my young niece. Maybe microchips.

— Bonner J. McAllester

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"A Pair of Pipers"

A senior medical colleague once told me about an experience he had while taking his specialty board exams. When his examiner asked him to discuss his approach to breech deliveries, he answered, "To tell you the truth, they scare me to death." The examiner chuckled and said, "Well, it's obvious you know enough about breeches. Let's go to the next subject."

To define it, a "breech" implies that a baby is coming either buttocks or legs first. At full term this is uncommon, perhaps three or four percent of all deliveries. In premature births it is more frequent, but at any stage, breeches present a variety of problems, up to and including permanent injury and death. The ultimate nightmare occurs when a baby's body is delivered but the head gets stuck. At that point the cord is compressed, completely interrupting blood supply, and breathing is impossible because the head is still inside the birth canal. The doctor then has roughly four minutes to accomplish delivery before irreversible oxygen deprivation takes place.

Those four minutes are easily the most frightening in obstetrics. There are protocols to be followed, but even the most experienced doctors are capable of panic. The tendency is to use excessive traction, pulling too hard on the baby's body. That's when complications occur. The least of these is temporary nerve injury, such as a weakened limb which hopefully resolves without permanent disability. Broken arms and clavicles are more serious, but these also usually heal with time and proper care. Beyond a certain point, however, traction can cause serious damage to the spinal cord, sometimes resulting in permanent quadriplegia or the most horrible consequence of all, decapitation. Not surprisingly, most breeches are now delivered by cesarean. But early in my career the emphasis was still on vaginal delivery, which leads me to my own "scared-to-death" moment.

I served two years in the Navy during the Vietnam era, when physicians were in short supply. This meant that inexperienced doctors were often forced to handle situations they weren't prepared for. In our hospital's obstetrical unit, for example, the typical doctor-on-call was one year out of medical school and had delivered no more than a dozen babies. And I, with only one year of residency, was the consultant. Then came the fateful day when I got a phone call from the doctor on duty, a happy-go-lucky type who invariably started every conversation on an up note.

"Hey, David, how ya doin', buddy?"

"Fine, Joe. You?"

"Great! Doin' great! Just got a moonlighting spot in the ER over at County Hospital. Hey! Ya know what? They're looking for some more help over there. You interested?"

I started to feel uneasy. Undoubtedly there was a commercial coming soon. "No, not right now, Joe, but thanks for asking. Anyway, what's up?"

His tone changed, dropping a few decibels and turning somber. "Well, I have this lady in labor ..."

"Yeah?"

"I'm not sure of the presentation, but I think it's a breech. Maybe you'd better get down here and have a look."

I felt my chest tighten. During my one year of residency, when breech deliveries came up, especially complicated ones, the senior residents had first crack at them, leaving me with minimal experience, and even less confidence. There were two fully trained obstetricians on staff at our Naval hospital, but both were away on weekend trips so there was no one else to turn to. I was the "expert" on duty.

There was one thing to do before I left for the hospital. On the mantel near my front door was a medical book titled *Quick References to Ob-Gyn Procedures*. As I did countless times during those two harrowing years, I stopped to review the appropriate chapter, this one on protocols for breech delivery. I often wondered how my patients would react if they knew I was flying by the seat of my pants. All I can say is my stomach was in knots on a hundred similar occasions.

When I arrived at the hospital, things didn't get any better. I examined the patient, hoping that the doctor who had called me was wrong, but the baby was definitely a breech, more specifically a single footling, meaning one leg was down and the other was jackknifed up in front of the body. In addition, the patient was in active labor, so the delivery would be taking place before long.

I asked her if she could handle the pain, explaining that I would need her to be able to push effectively. Initially she was willing, but soon her contractions became intolerable and she begged for an anesthetic. I decided on a caudal epidural. This would numb her pelvis while sparing her abdominal muscles, thus enabling her to push with full force as the baby was delivering.

Because our anesthesia service consisted of one nurse anesthetist who had

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no experience with epidural anesthesia, it was up to me to administer the caudal. Fortunately I had a fair amount of experience with this technique, so the procedure went well and we ended up with effective pain control. But now came the moment of truth. The first part of the baby appeared, one tiny foot. I recalled the golden rule of delivering breeches: Don't panic, and don't pull too soon. Let the patient deliver the baby until the level of mid abdomen, then intervene.

Fortunately, the caudal anesthesia was working beautifully. The mother was able to push with full force, resulting in the delivery of the leading leg. Then came the buttocks and the jackknifed second leg, which appeared to the level of the knee. With a careful sweeping motion, I got the rest of that leg down as well. Now the baby's lower half was out, and the critical four minute countdown had begun. The immediate problem was delivering the arms, which were extended up beside the head. I inserted my hand and placed a finger along the long axis of the humerus (upper arm). This was a critical maneuver because too much pressure, especially if placed at right angles to the bone, could result in a fracture. Fortunately, the first arm delivered easily, as did the second.

The body was out to the level of the neck. I took a quick look at the clock. Less than a minute had passed. So far, so good. I began to feel confident. My first solo breech, and it was going smooth as silk. I pictured the obstetrical manuals and went through the motions of straddling the baby's body over my left arm and placing my left hand in the birth canal. My fingers found the chin. I hooked my index finger inside the mouth. This would provide traction in order to keep the head flexed. Then my right hand coursed over the baby's neck and I splayed my index and third fingers across the shoulders, also to apply traction and control the delivery of the head. Not too slow, not too fast, I reminded myself. And easy on the traction. Not too hard.

Another look at the clock. A minute and a half. Still plenty of time. I asked Mrs. Bowen, a kindly, motherly type of nurse, to place her hand on the lower abdomen and push gently. When she began to do so, I exerted a little pressure to move the head down. But no go. Nothing moved. I asked Mrs. Bowen to push a little harder. I pulled a little harder. Again, nothing.

God help me. The head was stuck. I envisioned the frightening scenarios I had heard about but never witnessed. I tried traction once more, hoping against hope that the head would move. It didn't.

There was only one thing left to do. Piper forceps. These were metal instruments specifically designed to provide safe traction to an after-coming head. But there was one problem. I had never used Piper forceps. Actually, there were two problems. I had never even *seen* Piper forceps, except in illustrations. If I applied them improperly, I might do serious damage to both the baby and the mother. But if I did nothing the baby would die within a couple of minutes.

Somehow instinct took over. "Mrs. Bowen," I said, while supporting the baby's body, "can you get me a pair of Piper forceps?" I held my breath, waiting for her to say she had never heard of Pipers, or that they weren't stocked in our little hospital. Fortunately, she produced them immediately and then looked at me for further instructions. I asked her to fashion a hammock out of a baby blanket and support the partially born body in a horizontal position while I applied the forceps.

And then it happened. I remember getting on my knees, the proper position for applying Pipers. I remember positioning the forceps along the sides of the baby's head. I remember my heart pounding.

And the next thing I remember is the image of Mrs. Bowen, smiling and holding the baby.

"That was really good, doctor," she was saying. "The baby's beautiful. Not a scratch on him." I looked at her blankly, because I did not, and still don't, remember putting traction on the forceps, delivering the head, cutting the cord, or handing the baby to Mrs. Bowen. The experience had been so frightening that I simply erased it from my consciousness.

After I delivered the placenta and sutured some minor lacerations, I tried again to picture what had happened, but to no avail. Later, when I asked Mrs. Bowen about it, she said it went like clockwork and that I appeared calm and confident during the whole thing. Still, I could not conjure up a picture of the event.

What I do remember, however, is the tightness in my chest when I heard the doctor on call say, "I think it's a breech." And the feeling never went away. For the rest of my career, every time I heard the word "breech" I thought of Mrs. Bowen and that amnesic moment in that tiny military hospital that just happened to have a pair of Piper forceps.

— David Shifrin

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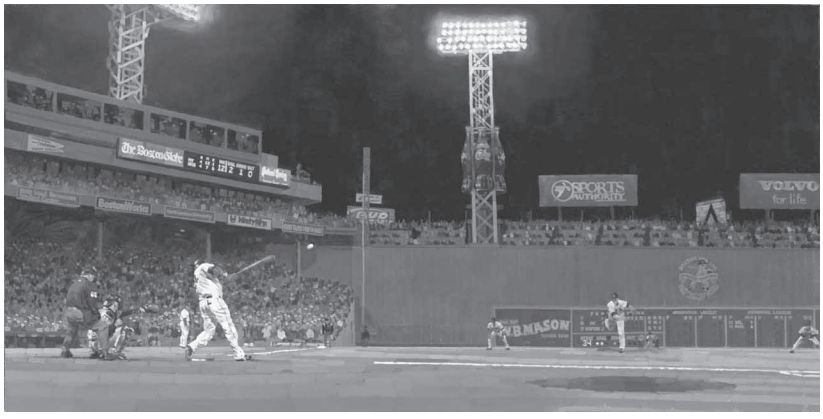

David Ortiz, 2004

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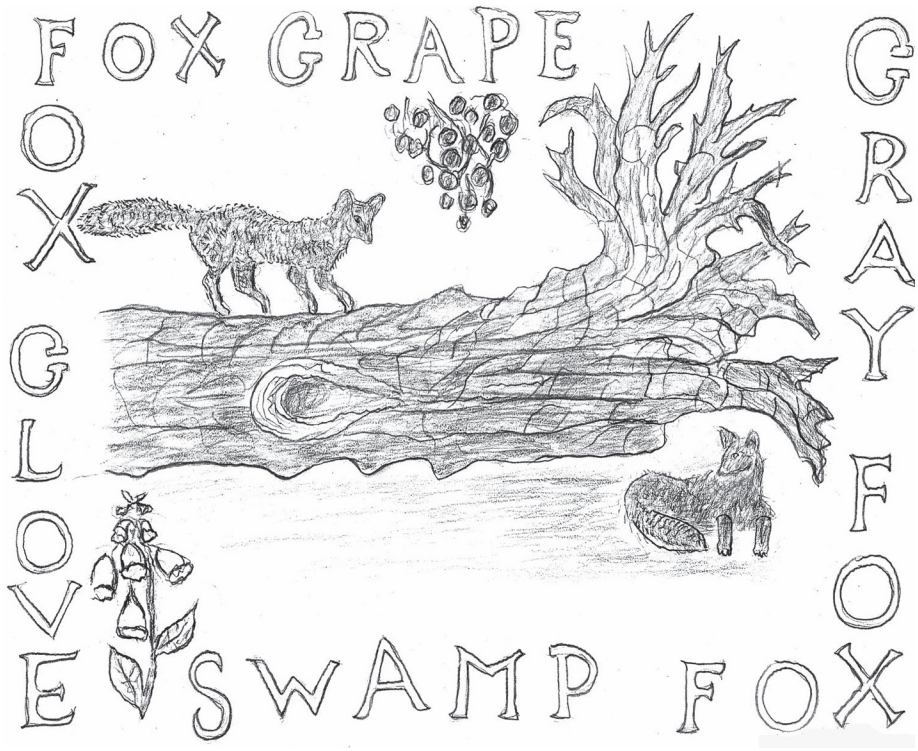
Fables, Facts, and Folklore of the Fox

Long ago and far away, as they say in young peoples books, Reynard was the lordly sounding name given to the fox in olde England before the ancient time of Charlemagne. *Aesop's Fables,* available in the Monterey Library, has no fewer than twenty episodes about the crafty fox, the first of which, "The Fox And the Grapes," is the best known. In this tale, the fox is very hungry but cannot reach the vine and goes off in a huff grousing that the grapes are probably sour anyway, a commonly used expression of a human failing called "sour grapes."

In Berkshire County and other agricultural countrysides the Fox is unfairly classified as vermin, or hard to get rid of like lice and mice, and as an arch enemy of the barnyard poultry farmer, killing more chickens in a single night than it can possibly eat, a calamity known as "a vixen in the henhouse." The gray fox has a better reputation than his red fox cousin and is not usually an agricultural predator, feeding on rabbits, insects, berries, apples, and of course fox grapes.

The gray fox is even more catlike than other foxes and has strong hooked claws, able to scramble up a tree when chased and later descend by jumping from branch to branch. He is not as often seen out in the open, preferring thick lowlands, often having a den in the fallen trunk of a hollow tree. He inhabits a smaller circle



than his roving cousin and is often called "a swamp fox."

Another book in our library that portrays a more human side of foxes is *Tales of Uncle Remus*. Here the fox gets the name Brer Fox, or brother of the narrator, and perhaps loses his image as a prince of darkness. He finds his way through a maze of misadventures with other creatures, perhaps prompting the expression that we all use today, "crazy like a fox," having a devious agenda to get what it wants. Do you know anyone who fits that description …

Like the coyote, which in Native American legends is characterized as a trickster, the fox has survived through a perilous history by living daily by its wits. For example, the red fox was imported from England by George Washington and other wealthy Virginians, who rode after it with the hounds over hill and dale, only to be thrown off the trail by the crafty fox's better knowledge of the lay of the land. Sometimes the fox would later be seen, out of breath, but grinning from ear to ear at having outsmarted such a tumultuous cavalcade of hounds, horses, and riders.

Washington's best Southern cavalry leader in the Revolution was General Francis Marion, called the Swamp Fox for his ability to use the landscape to elude and exasperate superior numbers of British troops. Another general, Rommel, a clever German tank commander, earned a reputation as the Desert Fox, until he was lured into a fatal trap in the battle of El Alemein by an equally foxy English general, Montgomery. Being called a fox is often not all that bad.

In Beartown State Forest and in forest lowlands of Monterey, the gray fox keeps a low profile, staying out of trouble, and lives a lifestyle that is one of the best kept natural secrets of any species of wildlife, adding little to the tale of Fables, Facts, and Folklore of a Fox.

— George Emmons

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Letter from College

London Snapshots: Brolly Dodging

Here are some instructions for the fine art of umbrella dodging. London is the place for umbrellas, which hereafter shall be referred to as "brollies." When it rains or mists, the bobbing heads become a sea of different sizes and colors. It should be noted that having a smaller brolly does not reduce the chances of being bumped about. Navigating the crowded streets is exhausting; here are the detailed steps one must undertake in order to survive.

First, before setting sail, you must open the brolly. Be careful, for opening it inside and easing out of narrow doors is challenging. Following this somewhat dangerous procedure, the brolly must end up above your head (as such is the function of the object). Extreme caution must be taken; accidentally hitting someone in the face is far more common than you would imagine. Now you might think that all you have to do is walk to your destination, right? No, wrong. You are embarking on a voyage on which you must dodge oncoming traffic that switches sides of the pavement at least every block, evade numerous other moving brollies, watch out for speeding taxis (which you should avoid if at all possible), and keep your feet out of sneaky puddles that jump out at you when you least expect them—and you're doing all of this at a speed of about three miles an hour.

The fact that hundreds of others are doing the same can be somewhat hysterical. But wait, it gets even better. During some sections of your journey you have to cross streets while walk signs are flashing with no apparent rhyme or reason or effect on human traffic patterns; the only good thing is that puddles are less prominent here because the asphalt is smoother. If you are not of a standard height, and I am a little below that, you have to hold your brolly at a height that will keep you dry, but then it will invariably hit someone else's shoulder dumping water all over them. A quick apology and a faster pace usually eases one through those awkward moments. Upon arriving at your destination, you must carefully lower, slowly shake, and then gingerly close up your brolly so as not to turn the floor into a slip n' slide or get everything in sight wet, including your shoes. Finally, just when you think all your careful efforts have been relatively successful, you discover that things in your backpack are wet.

The enjoyment I get from watching people go about their day is even more pronounced here in London. It's late on a Sunday afternoon as I plunk myself down at the base of a large pillar on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. The clock strikes five, and as I sip on my chai latte I indulge in people-watching while soaking in the last few rays of light on an uncharacteristically sunny day. I am not the only one. It is as though, in this historic city, I'm sitting at a crossroad. This is no ordinary crossing, however; it is one where people of every race, clothed in every style of garment, and wearing every type of shoe amble through. There are the very young, who won't even remember it, and then the elderly who slowly make their way up the steps or raise a camera lens upwards. There is even the occasional bird ("Feed the Birds" from *Mary Poppins* anyone?) that hunts for something to eat. Some people, like me, enjoy a snack or a drink. Perhaps it is the place of tourists, but here is also where past and present collide. Directly in front of me, at the bottom of these old steps, a man talks on his mobile a million miles a minute while he paces, appearing somewhat unaffected by the sites in his own modern world. Perhaps he is a local and is no longer as impacted by this marvel in his backyard.

Five stairs down from me, two teens smoke and converse about the latest pop artists; at least you can see both sides of the conversation. Across the quad, the Piccadilly Whip truck is parked selling snacks; it is clearly a great place for capitalist

>

business. There are some people here with fully packed suitcases, just taking the time to sit and enjoy the place: world travelers if I do say so myself. St. Paul's crossroads provides the modern-day explorer with dazzling splendor. Miraculously, the cathedral survived the Blitz during World War II, and Londoners are fiercely proud of its dominant place in their skyline.

After the Great Fire of 1664, the businesses were built up again directly on their old foundations; in hopes that there would be less revenue lost; no reworking of the city layout was ever done. That was the chance to redesign for the future, to change roads that wove around sharp corners and without much logic throughout the city. Today the streets and alleys are always crowded and somewhat impractical for the modern city London has become. Despite the traffic congestion and buses that barely fit through the streets, I wouldn't want it any other way. Part of London's charm is the way it blends time into one continuous experience.

I've been here now for about three weeks. There was the initial chaos of settling in, registering, meeting new friends, and exploring the resources and facilities at London School of Economics, as well as learning my way around the city. By now I can give simple directions, understand the Underground (mind the gap), and am learning how to live on a student budget. Classes are just getting going and now will consume much of my previous free time. There are also societies here, a new student mentoring opportunity in inner London schools, and, of course, the possibility of additional traveling to new places throughout the year. It's going to be quite the ride.

— Tarsi Dunlop

In Support of Melissa Noe

We are writing to make public our support of Town Interdepartmental Secretary Melissa Noe. We know from experience that she is competent, efficient, and personable in doing town business. It is therefore troubling that she has been a target of attacks on her abilities and personality over a period of years.

The Town Secretary has consistently expressed her willingness to address any grievance in an appropriate forum. Her detractors have avoided open, reasoned discussion, resorting recently to harassing e-mail from an as yet unidentified source, as well as an anonymous nasty letter, now being investigated by a US Postal Inspector. The resulting atmosphere of relentless conflict drains time, money, and good will from our town government.

It is time to clear the air. We ask that the Select Board provide a fair, legal venue in which all relevant grievances may be heard, and the situation resolved. If a respected and well-liked town employee can be hounded into leaving, with no recourse to due process, we will all be shamed.

— Peter Murkett
Laurily Epstein
Michele Miller
Michael Storch
Barbara Gauthier
Deborah D. Mielke
Robert Gauthier
Gareth Backhaus
Mari Enoch
Stephen Enoch
Joe Baker
Kathleen Wasiuk
Christopher Blair

Remembering Dorothy Jennison

Dorothy N. Jennison, 84, of Main Road, died October 4 at Fairview Hospital in Great Barrington.

She was born in Greenfield on January 27, 1923, the daughter of Charles and Violet Stewart Brunt. She moved to Springfield as a child and was educated in the schools there.

During WWII she worked at the Springfield Armory and later as a telephone operator in Springfield.

She moved to East Otis in 1947, where she resided until 1980 when she moved to Daytona Beach, Florida. In 1996 she moved to Chester and to Monterey in 2000.

Her husband, Lyman C. Jennison, whom she married July 12, 1946, died November 30, 1998.

She is survived by two sons, Thomas C. Jennison of Chester, James H. Jennison of Great Barrington, and a daughter, Patricia A. Hamling of Monterey, along with seven grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

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SUSAN M. SMITH
Attorney At Law

32 Corser Hill Road
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Calendar

Every Monday (exc. holidays): Select Board meeting, 8:30 a.m., Town Offices.

Every Friday & Saturday in November: Music nights at Monterey General Store. See ad below.

Thursday, November 8: Flu shot clinic, 1:00 to 3:00 p.m., Monterey Town Hall Meeting Room. See p. 3.

Monday, November 12: Veterans Day observed, Town offices and Library closed.

Tuesday, November 13 (and every second Tuesday): Monterey Blue Grass Jam, 6–8:30 p.m., Meetinghouse basement. Open to all skill levels; for information call Jeff Litishin, 413-528-1343.

Wednesday, November 14: Community Potluck Dinner, 6 p.m., Monterey Meetinghouse. Program by Dr. Ruth Engo, president of African Action on AIDS. See p. 4.

Thursday, November 15: Zoning Board of Appeals hearing on Mt. Wilcox tower, 4 p.m., Town Hall.

Tuesday, November 20:

Free Health Screening, Community Health Program, 10 a.m., Town Hall Meeting Room.

Conflict of Interest Law Seminar, 6 p.m., Town Hall. See p. 3.

Saturday, November 24:

Full Moon.

Jazz for an Autumn Night, 8 p.m., Monterey Meetinghouse, presented by Monterey General Store. Tickets $15, 2/$25. See ad, p. 3.

Square and contra dancing, 8:30–11:30 p.m., Sheffield Grange, Rt. 7, Sheffield. Music by Mountain Laurel. Caller Jeff Walker. All dances are taught; beginners and children are welcome. Adults $6, children $3. Information 528-9385.

Saturday, December 1: Early Winter Party and Fundraiser, 4–7 p.m., Bidwell House, Art School Road. See p. 7.

ॐ

Contributors

We thank the following folks for their recent contributions. Your support makes it possible for us to continue publishing. We know you receive requests from many worthy organizations for financial help and are grateful that you include the *Monterey News* in your giving.

Philip Stoiber
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The Observer
September 26 – October 25

High temp. (9/26)	84°
Low temp. (10/13)	34°
Avg. high temp.	66.7°
Avg. low temp.	47.6°
Avg. temp.	57.2°
Total rainfall	3.6 in.

Rainfall occurred on 14 days.

Glynis Oliver

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George Emmons, p. 20; Bonner McAllester, p. 16;
Glynis Oliver, p. 8 (top); Ellen Pearson, p. 10.

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